The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost,
Shew me a Mistrisse that is passing faire,
What doth her beauty serue but as a note,
Where I may read who past that passing faire:
Farewell thou canst not teach me to forget,
*Ben.* Ile pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. *Exeunt.*

*Enter* Capulet, *Countie* Paris, *and the clowne.*

*Capu.* *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and tis not hard I thinke,
For men so old as wee to keepe the peace.
*Par.* Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie tis you liu'd at ods so long:
But now my Lord, what say you to my sute?
*Capu.* But saying ore what I haue said before,
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
Shee hath not seene the change of fourteene yeares,
Let two more Summers wither in their pride
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a bride.
*Par.* Younger then she, are happy mothers made.
*Capu.* And too soone marde are those so early made:
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
Shee's the hopefull Lady of my earth,
But woo her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her consent, is but a part,
And she agree, within her scope of choise,
Lyes my consent, and faire according voice:
This night I hold, an old accustomd feast,
Whereto I haue inuited many a guest,
Such as I loue, and you among the store,
One more, most welcome makes my number more:
At my poore house, looke to behold this night,
Earth treading starres, that make darke heauen light,
Such comfort as do lusty young men feele,
When well apparelld Aprill on the heele
Of limping winter treads, euen such delight
Among fresh fennell buds shall you this night





Inherit at my house, heare all, all see:
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Which one more veiw, of many, mine being one,
May stand in number though in reckning none.
Come goe with me. goe sirrah trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*, find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay.

*Exit.*

*Ser.* Find them out whose names are written. Here it is written, that the shoo-maker should meddle with his yard, and the tayler with his last, the fisher with his pensill, and the painter with his nets. But I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can neuer find what names the writing person hath here writ (I must to the learned) in good time

*Enter* Benuolio, *and* Romeo.

*Ben.* Tut man one fire burnes out an others burning,
One paine is lesned by an others anguish:
Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:
One desperate greefe, cures with an others languish:
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the rank poyson of the old will die.
*Romeo.* Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.
*Ben.* For what I pray thee?
*Romeo.* For your broken shin.
*Ben.* Why *Romeo* art thou mad?
*Rom.* Not mad but bound more then a mad man is:
Shut vp in prison, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented: and Godden good fellow,
*Ser.* Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read?
*Rom.* I mine owne fortune in my miserie.
*Ser.* Perhaps you haue learned it without booke:
But I pray can you read any thing you see?
*Rom.* I if I know the letters and the language.
*Ser.* Ye say honestly, rest you merry.
*Rom.* Stay fellow, I can read.